

## Willful Ponies and Growing Elflings

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Summary: Babies don't remain babies forever. Glorfindel and Erester learn it the hard way. Glorfindel/Erester. Male/male pairing. postMpreg. Non-canon.

## Willful Ponies and Growing Elflings

**\*\*Disclaimer\*\*** means that I technically don't own anything but the poor plotlines of this story. The original Lord of the Rings is far beyond my skill and imagination...

**\*\*Warning!\*\*** Meaning more references to **\*\*mpreg\*\***, **\*\*male/male relationships, non-canon\*\*** and other stuff others might find offending. Like twisting characters to your own preferences... So take the hint. The fic is **\*\*M-rated\*\*** for minor sexual content.

**\*\*Paring\*\*** Glorfindel/Erester

**\*\*Summary\*\*** Babies don't remain babies forever. Glorfindel and Erester learn it the hard way. Sort of a short sequel to The Waiting Game and Endgame's Reward setting.

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><p><strong>-oOo-<strong>

**\*\*Willfull Ponies and Growing Elflings\*\***

**\*\*~oOo~\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"Please-!"<p>

"No."

"Pleeease!"

"I said \_no.\_"

The tiny nose scrunched up, cheeks puffed out in dismay. The boy barely reached all they way up to touch the top of the desk, but that did not stop him from trying.

Erestor turned away and back to the stack of papers loaded on his overfull desk. He could feel eyes boring into him, but knew better than to look at them. It was the undoing of many an elf, something he had learned the hard way.

"Fine," LauriÃ« huffed.

The boy stomped off, leaving Erestor to sigh in relief. He winced as the door shut audibly behind him.

Dismayed, LauriÃ« walked down the sedate corridor. Not many were about this time of day, but the few that were almost always had smiles or praise for him. Not all were stubborn enough to keep things from him. Especially not when he \_really\_ wanted something.

"Ada..."

Wide shoulders jolted, before the tall blonde swivelled around in his seat. His handsome face was alight with warmth as he stared down at his son.

"LauriÃ«." Immediately, the boy was swept up in a comfortable lap. LauriÃ« tried not to pout at the treatment, knowing that indulging his father was the best course of action if he wanted to achieve his goal. Glorfindel's fingers started combing through loose dark strands. As always fascinated by its shiny onyx color. "What brings you here, little one? You're not due here for another three hours."

What he received in response made his stomach twist uncomfortably. Glorfindel's face stiffening in an attempt to carefully control his expression.

"Ada, can I have a pony?"

Glorfindel could already tell where this conversation was going from the tone in the elfling's voice. Inwardly, he steeled himself for what was to come next.

"A pony?" Glorfindel laughed nervously. One hand finding the tiny waist to keep the boy from squirming.

He winced, heart clenching as he was met by impossibly large blue eyes. The orbs stared pleadingly into his own. Small fingers sneaked up to latch onto the front of Glorfindel's shirt. The secure hold anchored the boy enough to prevent the renown balrog slayer's escape.

"Yes, a \_pony\_. 'Dan said he saw the prettiest little foal in Alderon's paddock." LauriÃ« leaned in, bringing those deadly twin

weapons even closer. "And guess what, Ada! It's one exactly like Dan's!"

Glorfindel gave a subtle cringe. Everyone in Rivendell knew how much his son loved the eldest peredhel's old stallion. When the horse suddenly passed away last autumn out of grand old age, Elladan refrained from taking a new horse. The twins barely travelled abroad these days and mostly used the valley's stalled horses on the short journeys they took around the area. They travelled less and less South through the years, since they could barely stand seeing the slow withering of Arwen and Aragorn. Glorfindel understood the feeling, as he himself found it hard watching the once splendant city hidden in the valley fade over the years.

"...It has the same speckles and everything."

"Does it, now?"

"Mm!" The elfling exclaimed eagerly. "Can I have one, Ada? I want one!"

Feeling a sigh bubbling up, Glorfindel steeled himself to hold his ground. Something he found hard enough when the boy was not using his famed puppy eyes on him. Knowing his son, the reason he was here was because Erebor had refused him flat out. It made it extra hard for Glorfindel, for it put him in a bad position no matter what action he took.

"What did Adar say about getting a pony?"

LauriÃ« decended into a thorough pout. "No ponies."

"And why is that?"

"Because we can't bring them with us." Water made his eyes shine and ever so slightly that lower lip started to tremble. "It's not fair. Asfaloth gets to come, why can't mine."

\_Ah, the famed argument, \_Glorfindel thought as he brushed the budding tears away from his son's face.

"You know Asfaloth is a special kind of horse. I told you so, remember?" The boy nodded and Glorfindel rubbed his back comfortingly. But Glorfindel knew the boy still had a hard time comprehending eternal life and the longevity of Aman. "Asfaloth has been my faithful friend for a very long time and protected me through many dangers. I would be very sad to lose his company now."

"Asfaloth \_is\_ a good horse," LauriÃ« agreed only to give a small giggle seconds later. "Even if he blows funnily at my face - "

"He does love to do that."

"\_And\_ tickles me."

"Really?"

The boy gave a stubborn look. "\_All the time\_."

A mischevious look came over the blonde's face. "Like this?"

LauriÃ« laughed and squirmed as his father bent his head down, nuzzling the boy's neck and puffing air there while wiggling his fingers over all the tickelish places along the boy's sides. Gasps of protests came between almost incessant giggling, Glorfindel's smile growing ridiculously wide at the joyful sound.

"Stop! Stop! Stop!"

"Why should I?" Glorfindel asked with a challenging look, feeling his playful side awaken at the chance to tease his son.

"Because you like me-!" The boy shot back.

Glorfindel grinned. "But I love tickling you more!"

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><p><strong>.oOo.<strong>

"Ah, the first ride."

"Wonderful memories, right, Elladan?" The elder nodded, causing the younger to grin before he sneakily continued: "Especially the way you fell off your p-"

The peredhel slapped a hand over his twin's mouth, stopping the embarrassing tale. They had gone out in search for their favorite elfling after realizing he wasn't lurking about their office. It was strange indeed for the ten-year-old. Both agreed that the occurance required investigation, but what they found was unexpected.

"Ah, 'Dan! 'Ro!"

"LauriÃ«, don't drop your hold." The boy's hands quickly snapped back in place over the worn horn of the saddle. The shift in weight the small move caused made Asfaloth throw his head in annoyance, ruffling that magnificent white mane in the progress. Thankfully, Glorfindel knew better than to make more sudden movements around the horse. Though the white stallion was trained diligently to not throw his rider at every little startle.

LauriÃ« resorted to smiling instead of his previous waving. A look of concentration on his face as Asfaloth took a side step to compensate for a dent in the paddock ground. Glorfindel patiently let the stallion steer. Only holding a hand on that muscled neck to keep him close.

Elladan leaned on the white fence, allowing it to bear his weight. LauriÃ« looked good on horseback. Even if the horse was ridiculously oversized for the boy. He suspected Elrohir had rubbed off on the boy more than he knew. A sting of jealousy shot through him at the thought.

It was no secret that Elladan fancied himself LauriÃ«'s favorite uncle.

"Straighten your back!" Elrohir called from behind him. His face bearing a smile as he watched the elfling adjust in his seat.

Glorfindel only shook his head in response. He had spent the last two hours trying to teach the boy proper form in the saddle, but the restlessness in the young elf's body had put a stop to his careful teaching. Yet, a single word from one of the twins was all that was needed to get him to adhere to his previous teachings...

He gazed sideways, watching the way Lauriën practically glowed with pride once the twins appeared within vision. Had he lost his charm? Or was it simply no fun anymore to try and impress his old \_Ada\_?

Asfaloth seemed to pick up on his strange mood and gave a sympathetic nudge on his thigh, which in turn earned him a rub behind his ears. \_Thank you, old friend.\_

"So. Riding, huh?"

"Never thought they would let you."

"We are starting small," Glorfindel insisted, not yet ready to admit that the whole 'riding Asfaloth' affair was more of a compromise than a conscious choice on Glorfindel's part. He still feared what he should tell Erebor. For it was inevitable that the advisor would find out eventually. He always did.

\_Still\_, Glorfindel argued, \_It is better than a pony.\_

Glorfindel was painfully aware that he would have had to sleep in the guest room for days if Erebor found out he had caved on that point. Now, he could keep both his son and his husband reasonably happy. \_Hopefully.\_

He ordered the horse into a stop with a low rumble. Asfaloth immediately stretched over the fence to nibble at the dark hairs within reach.

"Hey!"

Laughs erupted at Elladan's expense. But Glorfindel did not even bother to point out the obvious misbehaviour. He knew the stallion expected some leeway for his patience shown today. Instead, Glorfindel set about easing his son off the high horse's back before stripping the saddle and halter with efficient movements. Asfaloth barely tolerated the thing during wartime, so being forced to wear one now had taken some persuasion on Glorfindel's part. Thankfully, the horse was susceptible to flattery... \_And\_ a promised massage or two.

"I did good, right, 'Dan?"

"Yes, yes. Little one. No one ever rode as well as you on their first time."

"Especially on such a big horse!"

Glorfindel watched Lauriën climb the fence, only to demand being put up on the elder twin's shoulders. Elladan did not seem to care about the smell of horse clinging to the child. The peredhil falling back into their old routine of conversation, Lauriën's head snapping this way and that to follow the exchange.

Sighing, Glorfindel went to return the saddle and other equipment, his horse strutting behind him.

"You are not helping." Asfaloth poked him in the back in response. Regally leaning his head over Glorfindel's shoulder. A pointed look in his big dark eye. "Right, I did promise, didn't I?"

Elrohir watched the pair file in the direction of the stable. "So, how about we check what the cook made for dessert today?"

Blue eyes widened with delight. "Yay!"

\* \* \*

<p><strong>.oOo.</strong>

The bed bounced as Glorfindel threw himself down on it.

"Ah, tired!"

He allowed the cool of the covers to seep into his skin for a moment, slowly taking in the silence of their bedroom. He frowned.

"Erestor?"

Lazily propping himself up on his elbows he perked his pointed ears. \_Swish, swish.\_

Sighing, he dragged himself up again, shivering as his naked feet hit the floor. Padding through the dimly lit room he soon arrived at the other end of the apartment. The stream of yellow light from the crack in the door confirmed his suspicions.

"Erestor."

Dark eyes looked up, taking in Glorfindel's half-clad form where he leaned in the doorway. "What is is? Is LauriÃ« up again?"

Glorfindel pouted, watching those hands as they continued to sift through pages and stacks of documents. He loved the ardour Erestor had towards his duties. He too was proud of playing his part in Rivendell. But was it wrong to wish for a bit of time spent with his love?

"Do you still have much left?"

Erestor froze for a moment, setting down the contract he had been skimming through. Eyes fastened on Glorfindel's face. "I have a few things to settle before bed..."

"Ah, right." Glorfindel rubbed his arm, feeling strangely in the way. "Well... Shall I wait up for you? It is late..."

"I'll be over in a minute."

Glorfindel nodded, stiffly leaving the room and closing the door behind him. He quickly crossed the common room and ended up standing by the tucked in sleeping form of his son. He listened to his quiet

breathing, allowing his heart to slow as he absorbed the day's events. Laurië was quickly growing more and more independent, despite his young age. He could not remember himself being that way, but it was not hard imagining Erestor growing up faster than regular children. He had always been more mature, even among his peers in Lindon. Glorfindel suspected the two shared a lot of similarities, even if Laurië still had a lot of playful willfulness, which Erestor loved to remind him came from Glorfindel's side of the family.

Perhaps it was true. But Glorfindel couldn't help feeling that he was losing his little boy far too early. The affectionate elfling was already searching out other rolemodels for some reason. It irked and saddened Glorfindel at the same time. Erestor would of course say it was another phase the child went through. The twins definitely had a lot of those growing up.

Was this how Elrond felt when the twins started to idolize him, the famous Hero of Gondolin? For the first time in years Glorfindel wished he could ask advice of his old friend. To be able to share the intimate childrearing experiences and exchange valuable information. But unfortunately, Elrond was too far removed from Arda for such things.

"I love you, Laurië," he whispered as he bent to press a kiss to the boy's dark crown. It smelt of Erestor; of flowers and sweet, sweet dew. A perfect mixture of his parents. Laurië was his pride and joy. Glorfindel could not imagine the boy not running through their halls. Just like he could not imagine not having Erestor in his life.

He lay there staring at the ceiling above their bed for a good two hours before he finally heard the silent footsteps nearing their bedchamber. He had already smothered the candle before going to bed, so it was only a shadowy outline that met his eye as it ghosted through the room.

Glorfindel draped an arm over his eyes. Tried but failed to ignore the twinge in his chest.

The subtle rustle of clothing clued him in on Erestor's movements. But the dip in the mattress and the cold hands cupping his face were more comforting.

"I am sorry, Fin."

Warmth brushed his lips, gentle in nature and soothing with its soft touch. It was a refreshing breeze into his tight chest, lifting the weight he didn't know existed. He sighed as Erestor's slender form draped over him "exhausted" pooling long dark hair down his chest.

"You should not have waited for me. I had to do a summary of the propositions for the small council tomorrow. You know how Elladan hates not being prepared..." The kiss burned as it touched the right half of Glorfindel's jaw. Hot air blowing up over one ear. "I know Elladan should learn to do so himself, but with all the work he's been doing lately..."

A low laugh brushed Glorfindel's skin, ceasing as Erestor pressed his

face into his neck. "I guess I still can't stop seeing them as the small elflings we used to chase down the corridors."

Glorfindel smiled at the low mumble. Caring. Always so caring, no matter how much work he had to do himself to ease the load of others. It was partly why Glorfindel loved Erestor so. But also why Glorfindel found himself missing his presence more and more now when there were less people to share the burden. He lifted his hands to Erestor's lower back, enjoying the soft curve, the smooth skin beneath his fingers. Idly, he ran callused fingertips over his spine.

Erestor pushed himself up on his elbows, the new weight distribution causing them to sink a bit into the mattress. Erestor's pale face hovered over his, unnamable things passed swiftly through those dark eyes. For a moment Glorfindel's breath was taken away, the energy in the air buzzing around them.

A slow smile found its way onto the advisor's face, stretching the skin around his dark eyes further.

"I love you, Fin." Glorfindel lost his grip on the brunette's waist, hands falling on the soft down covers. "For waiting patiently every day despite my stubborn actions. For making me smile with your silly jokes." Glorfindel chuckled, but went silent when an ink stained pad of a thumb brushed the corner of his mouth. "For always being there for me, even when I disappear and don't return until the dead of night... For loving me despite my selfishness-"

Stop.

Erestor moaned into the kiss, allowing Glorfindel's strong hand buried in his hair to pull him deeper into the kiss. Nipping at Erestor's bottom lip, the blonde released him before allowing the elf some distance. Glorfindel watched in the dark as the clearly affected elf panted softly. Sweet breath caressing the balrog slayer's lips intimately with each exhale.

"Don't speak nonsense, Erestor. If you have energy for such things I know better activities I'd rather engage in..." Glorfindel murmured teasingly to lighten the mood, but not without a hint of seriousness to it. He had been without a very long time and at this moment Glorfindel's body ached to reacquaint itself with his love's flesh.

Erestor pouted, a rare sight. "I was attempting to be romantic."

"And I'm saying I can feel your intentions without you wording them." He pulled the slender elf down over himself again, pushing Erestor's face into the crook of his neck despite the elf's protests so that he could rest his chin atop Erestor's head. Relenting, Erestor slithered one arm to rest along the blonde's side, feeling Glorfindel's chest expand slowly with each breath, filling him with reassurance.

This was Glorfindel. His Glorfindel. The brunette rested against him, feeling life course through him.

Erestor loved this elf. More than he ever thought he could love another being. He was an elf who had died for his city, who defended



his people, his friends and family. Who could stand Erester despite his faults. Who gave him a son, a family of his own.

His own, foolish, terribly strong yet gentle balrog slayer.

A shiver propagated through his skin and Erester grew a bit more determined as he allowed his fingers to brush over expanses of golden flesh.

"...Erester..."

"Shh..."

Glorfindel closed his eyes. A harsh swallow constricting his throat.

His hand gripped at the bedding as soft waves of pleasure travelled down his spine, each tender kiss pressed to his skin more searing than the last.

Knuckles turned white as Glorfindel arched into the small touches.

"I love you, Glorfindel." Erester paused, face hovering millimeters from heated skin. His body tingled with the weight of his words. From the feelings he felt for this elf. "\_Forever\_."

Glorfindel gasped, "'Til death...'"

"\_...and the world is remade."\_ Erester grasped their hands together, weaving their fingers and set them on each side of his golden head. "\_Bound, my soul to yours."\_

Clear blue stared up at him, lips slightly parted as if unable to comprehend his sudden difficulty to breathe. Or that they were this close, this \_merged\_ in thought and voice.

Using his speechless state against him, Erester maneuvered one leg across Glorfindel's two. Gently adjusting his position while keeping his gaze locked with the blonde's. He could feel Glorfindel stir beneath him. Reaching out towards him through the warm haze.

Tears slipped down Glorfindel's cheeks once they were joined, in body and soul, just as they had so many years ago. Erester took it in stride, gently wiping down wet cheeks and whispering soft words in encouragement, drawing the blonde out. Beckoning.

Strong hands clung to his back, nestled amongst the swaying strands. Trying to keep hold on the focus of his current storm.

Erester was all his.

His alone.

"Please." Glorfindel quivered on the inside, ready to break free. To release. "Please, Erester."

Erester's dark eyes snapped shut, hands trembling faintly. Their fã«a were mingling, reaching out and echoing each other's song. It was a beautiful moment and Erester felt himself hope. For Glorfindel. For

\_them \_and their future\_. \_ For something that would last...

"\_Forever."\_

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><p><strong>.oOo.<strong>

Erestor found himself wringing his hands nervously as he watched, a curious looking Elrohir sitting by his side in the grass. He knew he was silly, that he should not be so worried. But it was impossible.

LauriÃ« let out another joyful peal, dark hair fanned out behind him.

"Breathe, Erestor, breathe." Elrohir adjusted the lid on the wicker basket they had set between them. Full of chilled fruit and other sweet goodies. "Valar, you look like he's going to keel over and die any minute."

"That is a very plausible outcome," Erestor bit out in a foreboding tone. Though, somewhere deep inside he knew that Glorfindel would sooner kill himself before he let his son be thrown and trampled to death beneath his loyal steed's hooves.

Elrohir sighed. In the distance, Elladan shouted encouragements. Each word egged the elfling on further. Glorfindel stood cool as a lake and regally poised in the middle of the paddock. One hand keeping a firm hold of the long rope, ready to launch into action at a moments notice. His sharp eyes monitoring every move, every rippling muscle on the stallion's form.

"Trust in Glorfindel." Elrohir felt a thrill watching the boy ride on his own, the small elf moving in tune with the powerful beast beneath him. LauriÃ« had inherited Glorfindel's skill, that much was obvious. Elrohir did not doubt that he would be a fine rider with a bit more experience.

"I am trying to."

"No one knows Asfaloth better than he does," Elrohir reassured.

"I know." Erestor dug his fingers into the fabric of his robe. "But it is \_Asfaloth\_."

Elrohir fumbled for words. Eyes switching from Erestor's pale features to the horse vibrating with restrained energy. The stallion kept glancing at its owner. A strange twitch set in its right ear. The boy seemed oblivious to the tic nor did he take notice of the agitated hitch Asfaloth's neck muscles did whenever the elfling pulled a bit too harshly on the rightsided reign.

Elrohir tried to ignore the drop of perspiration that gathered at this temple.

"Let us trust in Glorfindel..." he said slowly and none to convincingly.

Erestor turned an annoyed glance his way. "As I said, I am trying to."

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><p><strong>-oOo-<strong>

\*\*The End\*\*

\*\*~oOo~\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>AN: Too much dramafluff/clichÃ©? I can't seem to overcome this weakness... â€" DR

End  
file.